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THE NEGRO; HIS NEEDS AND CLAIMS.

TWO ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN

THE CHURCH OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER,

ON

SUNDAY, OCT. 14, 1883,

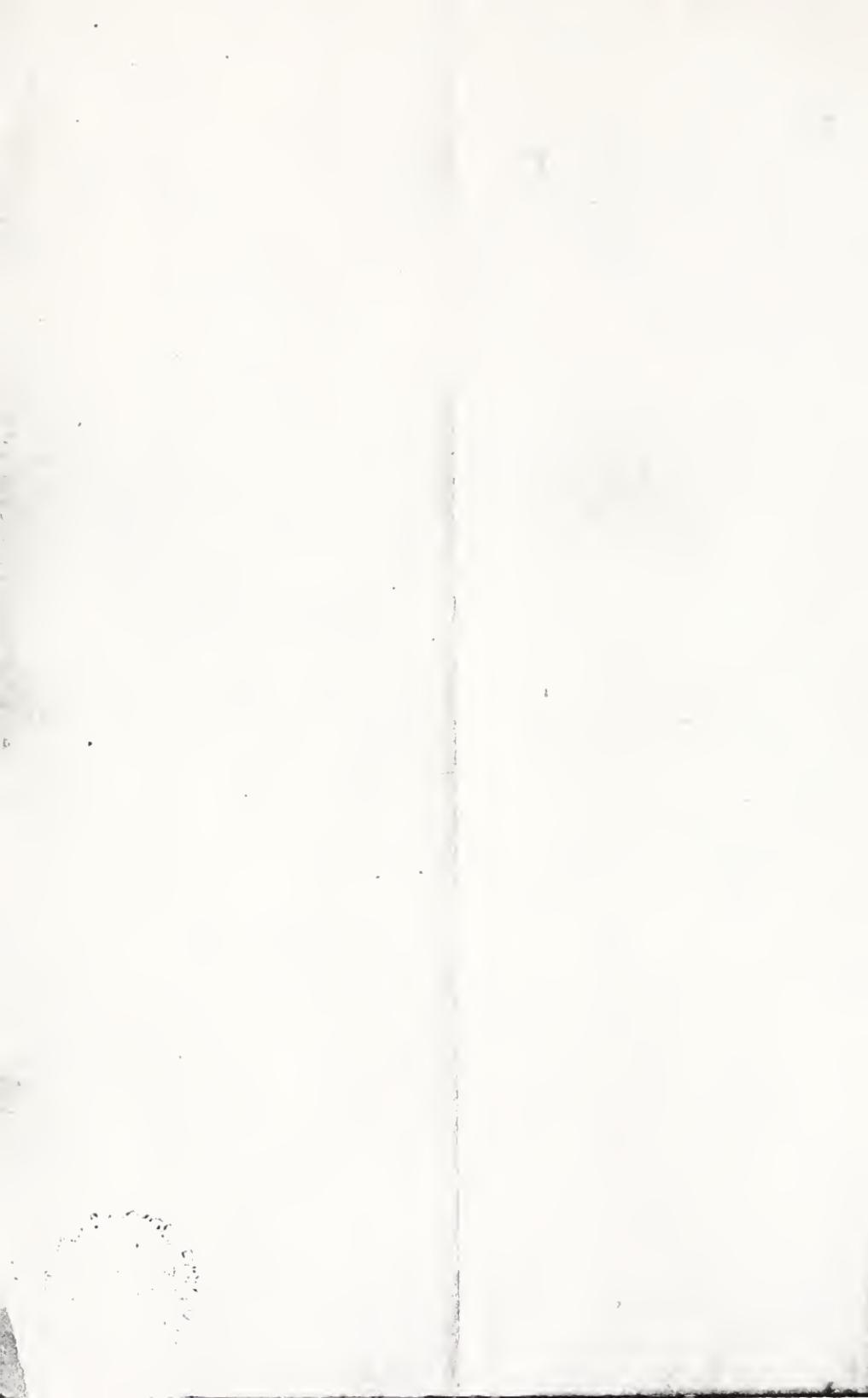
BY

W. H. CROGMAN, M. A.,

OF

CLARK UNIVERSITY,

ATLANTA, GA.



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MORNING ADDRESS.

Although in my short lifetime I have seen and heard many things to startle and surprise me, yet never, I confess, was I more surprised than on receiving, away down in Georgia, an invitation to speak here in Plymouth Church and from Plymouth pulpit. At first I could not but believe that there was something wrong about the matter, that an invitation intended for some clergyman in my city had in some way been forwarded to me through mistake. Accordingly I wrote at once to Brother Halliday, informing him of the fact that I am not of the ministerial order; but stating, at the same time, in a half humorous way, that if such a talk as a layman can make would be acceptable, I should be with him on the second Sunday in October. He replied to me that my name was down on his programme for this very day. That, of course, settled the question.

But now there arose another, and one of a more embarrassing nature, namely, What shall I say to that people? What can I say to the congregation of Henry Ward Beecher, either for their edification or their instruction? Is there a topic on which I can speak, is there a subject which I can discuss, which has not already been discussed in their presence with an ability infinitely superior, and an eloquence wide-world renowned? It was in the midst of such musings and queryings that it occurred to my mind that there was just one subject which I might take with propriety, and, perhaps, with success, before that enlightened, sympathetic, and Christian audience, namely, the needs and claims of my people—their pressing needs, their rightful claims. With such a subject, I thought, I might be a little more conversant than a stranger well could be. On such a subject I might be able, perhaps, to say a few more things, and to say them with a little more feeling and accuracy, at least, than one not fully identified with the race possibly could.

The place, too, where I am standing to-day is not unsuited to the discussion of the needs of humanity. For surely this is the church of Dr. Beecher, and these are the walls which, for fully a third of a century, echoed and re-echoed to the most spirited and eloquent and thrilling appeals in behalf of human rights, in behalf of freedom. This is one of the cradles in which were rocked that spirit and sentiment which, like a mighty tidal wave, rising and swelling, finally swept from the face of this nation the foul blot of human slavery. And is not this the very church in which, but recently, men of my race, ambassadors from Madagascar, received comfort and consolation and promise of moral support in their struggle, as Christians, to resist the invasion of an enlightened but semi-infidel nation? Surely it is. In the midst, then, of much around me to-day that looks new and strange I have the strongest reasons to feel perfectly at home with my cause.

It was once remarked in my presence, that immediately after the bombardment of Fort Sumter a meeting was held in a certain hall in the city of Charleston, and that on General Beauregard's entering that hall some one of the enthusiastic audience rose, and, swinging his hat, cried, "Three cheers for Beauregard!" Whereupon the General exclaimed, "Stop, gentlemen, this is no time for cheering. The war has just begun." I don't know whether this story is true or false. Like most stories of the kind it is as likely to be the one as the other. I don't know whether there was ever such a meeting. I don't know whether the General ever made such a remark. If he did, he deserves great credit for his wisdom, for his foresight. The war had just begun. It was no time to cheer. I say I don't know, and, so far as my people and myself are concerned, we don't care to-day whether that story is true or not; for we do know by this time that there was a war, a terrible war, a bloody war, a war that shook the earth, and made nations hold their breath. We know that that war had a beginning, and we know, too, that it had an end. We know that when it began several millions of bondmen were in this country, and that when it ended not a single one was left to say "massa." We know that when the old flag was hauled down from Sumter humanity shrieked, and

"Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell."

But we know, too, that when once more again the "gorgeous ensign of the republic" with "its arms and trophies streaming in" more than "their original lustre," with "not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured," was lifted by loyal hands to kiss the sun and toy with the breeze, mankind all over the wide earth smiled and rejoiced as never before, except when the babe was born in Bethlehem. The hand of that babe was on the halliards that hoisted again the flag on Sumter.

But that cruel war is over, that fratricidal war, that war which consumed billions of your treasure, and, like a Minotaur, devoured untold numbers of your brave sons. Fully eighteen years of peace span the bloody gulf between then and now. That is a war of the past. That war was to open the prison, and let the captives go free. But it necessitated another war—a war to strike off the shackles of ignorance, to liberate the mind, to put new light into it, new ideas, to arouse the soul to high moral responsibilities, to inspire it with love for God and love for man.

Something has been done in this line, more than it was thought could be done. The strongholds of ignorance have been assailed with some success. For nearly two decades a little army of teachers have been toiling day and night to impart knowledge to the ignorant, to instill virtuous principles, to teach industry, thrift and economy. They have labored under discouragements. They have not always been kindly treated. Sometimes they have been ostracized, sometimes despised. Their work in the beginning was ridiculed by many, North and South. It was looked upon as a task more than Herculean to teach those who could not learn, those whose heads were too thick, whose heels were too long; those who had upon them the curse of Canaan, and were only fitted to be the servant of servants. But true to God and to humanity, and nothing daunted by difficulties and discouragements, they have kept on laboring and toiling, with a patience rivaling that of the man of Uz. Like the coral insect they have been working deep down, at the very bottom, while the waves of public sentiment have been raging tumultuously above their heads. But they have builded well. They have laid good foundations. They have had some success. Points of their work are beginning to show very

conspicuously here and there in the surface of society. Indeed, it has become a fact too patent to be denied, that a mighty work has been done in that Southern land for God and mankind. Somebody has done it. God bless that somebody! God reward that somebody, in this life a thousandfold, and in the life to come with joys evermore!

But it is too general a remark to say that a mighty work has been done. Let us be a little more specific. What was the condition of the Negro at the close of the war? Was he not landless? Was he not homeless in the fullest, broadest, most important sense of that term? Was he not in many instances destitute even of clothing to cover his nakedness? I was told by a man of your denomination, a prominent educator in the South, a man whom I love, and whom I delight to honor, a man whose worth will never be known until he has passed away from among men,—I mean Edmund Ware, president of Atlanta University. I was told by him that shortly after the surrender, when he went to Atlanta to take charge of the educational work of the American Missionary Association, he saw there your lady missionaries standing day after day, from "from early morn till dewy eve," standing, too, in the winter, with cold and stiff and aching fingers, distributing clothing to the scores and hundreds of wretched and destitute creatures who thronged around the storehouse of charity.

Nor is this all. The Negro was not only without land, without home, without clothing; but actually without a name. It is amusing to listen to the experience of those early teachers with regard to the organization of their schools. Having gathered around them a number of dusky faces, they would naturally begin to take their names. "What is your name?" the teacher would say. "Bob." "And yours?" "Jim." Yet not less significant than the lack of a name was often the existence of one. Such names as Pompey and Cæsar. If you should run over the list of names in the last catalogue of Clark University, you would find there the name of a young woman, Queen Victoria Price. The first part of this name was doubtless given in derision, as Pompey and Cæsar were. It is a better name, however, a nobler, brighter name, and the young lady who bears it is lovely enough to be a queen. I don't believe that that

mother of princes, who is more a woman than a queen, and a great queen because a greater woman—I don't believe she would be ashamed to own her dusky namesake, who, after all, is not so dusky. If you should look over the same catalogue you would see the name of a young man, King George Gay. The first part of this name may be accounted for in the same way as the one preceding it. If you should look over the same catalogue you would find the name of another young man, Major Williford. He came by the first part of his name in the same way as many of us in the South come by our military titles. It is very common down there to address men as Colonel, Captain, Major, etc., except in the case of colored men and women, who are oftener addressed as "uncle" and "auntie." In vain surely does Shakespeare ask, "What's in a name?" In vain does he tell us that

"That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

Verily, there is much in a name. There is hatred in a name. There is degredation in a name. There is just as much in a name to-day as there was in the days of Cavalier and Roundhead and Puritan and Methodist.

Since the surrender at Appomattox, however, the negro has found a name or made one. Since then he has gotten him some clothing. He has raised twice as much cotton under freedom as he did under slavery, and so can afford to dress pretty decently. On the 9th of last August I was standing in a depot at Washington, waiting for the train for Oconee Grove. The depot was crowded with well-dressed colored people. It was an excursion. They were going off to enjoy themselves as colored people only can. A young German with whom I had, so to speak, scraped an acquaintance, said to me, "These people are as orderly, and look as neat as the same number of peasants would in any part of Europe. Your people," he continued, "are improving, and we foreigners who come here and live a while can see it better han those who have been there all the time." I believe that. I believe he meant what he said. He was a frank fellow. I like the Germans because they are kinfolks to Luther. I stand almost in awe in the presence of their great learning. I like them until they begin to try to take away our Sabbath and spend it in beer-drinking, when they ought to be in some good old-

fashioned Methodist church, or some other good old-fashioned orthodox church, worshiping Good and praying for their souls' salvation ; for there is no salvation in lager^{for} either the body or the soul. Nevertheless I like the Germans. One who had been in this country a great number of years said to me once that he never had a keener pang sent to his heart than when in Baltimore, shortly after his arrival in this country, he heard a slave speaking the German language. He thought it a shame, he thought it a sin to keep in slavery a man who spoke the German language. Those of you who have read the sparkling narrative of Tacitus, those of you who have dwelt upon his vivid pen-pictures of the German barbarians in their native forests can appreciate the remark and the feeling of that man. But I am digressing, for I was telling you that the Negro has gotten him some clothing. I may also add he has bought him a little land, 692,335 acres in the State of Georgia alone—quite a little farm. He is cultivating this land. On this land he is establishing Christian homes—comfortable homes ; not log cabins, not shanties, but real houses with doors and windows to let in the air and the light, and with chimneys built on the inside to let out the smoke. You would be pleased as well as surprised to see the number of comfortable homes the colored people now own in some parts of the city of Atlanta, homes with front yards and shrubbery and croquet wickets sticking up in the grass. Here and there, too, you will find one who is tired of living on the first floor, and so has built him a little two-story house. You see we are getting up in the world. I am glad to say this of Atlanta, although it is not my native home. I feel a little bit interested in Atlanta. I have labored hard there many years. I have studied there, and taught there. My little children were born there, and I do hope that they will yet grow up to reflect great credit upon that city, that State, and this Nation.

I have now given you the bright side of the picture. I have shown you some of the good results of freedom, and I emphatically say that these results are in very large measure attributable to the impulse given to that section of country by Christian education, by the influence of the Bible and the spelling book in the hands of that little army of teachers. But the war has just begun, and there is no time

to cheer. Let us rather catch breath, thank God, and press on to new conquests. That which has been done, friends, is but a drop in the bucket compared with that which must yet be done before you can boast of a Republic resting upon lasting foundations.

The South has yet many needs. In spite of all that has been done it is a lamentable, a startling fact, that illiteracy is increasing in her midst among both races. Her educational facilities are inadequate to the demand now made upon her of enlightening the millions. The South is poor. The South is weak. She is just now recovering from the sad, the terrible, the disastrous effects of rebellion. But she is struggling upward. She is showing signs of new life. She has a school system. It may not be perfect. It may have defects; but it is a system that may be greatly improved by more money wisely used. The present school population of Georgia is considerably over 400,000, and the present school fund of Georgia is considerably under \$300,000. I have no reason to believe that many of the other Southern States are in a better condition. You see, then, the situation. How is it to be bettered? How is it to be helped? Not certainly by casting mud. Not certainly by discussing old issues. Not certainly by calling up old spectres. It is useless now to say, "Twasn't I who did it, but you." It is useless now to say, "I didn't bring the Negro from Africa. I didn't throw him overboard in the middle passage. I didn't buy him and I didn't sell him." This is not the question. Moreover, all this was done, whoever may have done it, and it remains to-day a fact bald, bare, indisputable. It is useless, then, I say, and it is wicked, too, in the face of the great duties of the hour, in the face of the great responsibilities of the hour, for men on either side to come forward with these dead questions, to come forward, and, like Lady Macbeth in her sleep, walking and rubbing her hands, exclaim, "Yet here's a spot." What about the spot? The world knows all about it. It is a spot, an ugly spot, an indelible spot on the character of this nation. But it can't be removed. You may stand around it until the last trumpet sounds, rubbing your hands and exclaiming, "Out damned spot! Out I say!" But it will not out for anybody. Let us leave the spot. Let us address ourselves to the vital issues which are before us. The whole

nation is responsible for that spot; but the whole nation cannot erase that spot. There is a spot, however, which it can erase, which it can wipe out. I mean that black spot of ignorance which so disfigures the map of the Southern section of this country. The nation not only can, but ought to do its part of this work, and the sooner it does it the better. It ought to begin at the very next sitting of Congress, by making an appropriation of twenty millions for that purpose. It would be the best appropriation that Congress ever made. What is the improvement of rivers? What is the improvement of harbors, compared with the improvement of the intellect, with the improvement of the morals of the people? The true strength of a nation does not lie in its rivers, nor in its harbors, nor in its navy, nor in its army. It lies in the intelligence and virtue of its citizens. These are the productive forces in peace. These are the safeguards in war. Let men be good, let men be intelligent, let them love home and country, let them be able to grasp an idea, to weigh it, to appreciate it, to die for it, and three hundred at Thermopylæ will hold at bay seven millions.

I say the South in general has many needs; but the Negro in particular has more. You have done nobly for him since the war. I mean you Christian people of the North. You have built for him many churches. You have erected for him many costly and magnificent school-houses; so that to-day he does, in many places, recite his lessons in as good buildings as can be found anywhere. But buildings are not everything. They are the shell, not the kernel. President Garfield said: "Give me a log-cabin in the center of the state of Ohio, with one room in it, and a bench with Mark Hopkins on one end of it and me on the other, and that would be a college good enough for me;" and, he might have added, for anybody else. In this remark, however, he only said

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed," namely, that it is the teacher, and not the building, that gives direction to the mind, that shapes and moulds it, that makes or mars it, that strengthens or cripples it, for time and for eternity. Socrates taught in the market-place. Where did Confucius teach? Our Christ, the greatest of all teachers, the model for all teachers, gave instructions more frequently by the wayside, by the seaside, on the mountain-top, than he

did in the temple. So, then, while I would appeal for as many more fine buildings as we already have, I would not have you attach too great importance to these, while every one of them—every one of the schools, I mean—is in need of endowments to strengthen the departments they already have, and to establish more; endowments to secure able instructors. It would be a sin against God, and a crime against humanity to allow seven millions of people who are now in your hands to make whatever you can of them—it would be a sin and a crime, I say, to allow them to lack for good instructors, and consequently become the victims of shams and weaklings and adventurers. It is an old saying that if you give a slave a child to train up, when he is trained you will have two slaves. This is sorrowfully true with regard to the education of children. Put a child under an imbecile, and when he is educated he will be an imbecile. Paul spoke with some little pride of being brought up at the feet of Gamaliel; but the strongest proof of Gamaliel's being an able teacher is seen in the learned, acute, deep, zealous, "many-sided" Paul. Like priest, like people.

Not only good instructors, however, but something to work on and work with is needed. Scholarships are needed to assist needy and meritorious students. The keenest pang that comes to a teacher's heart is when he is suddenly informed that some good, some bright, some promising girl or boy must drop out of school in the middle of his course, because—Because what? Because he hasn't the wherewith to keep soul and body together. Because he can't raise enough money to buy books, and pay the nominal tuition required in those schools. Scholarships, I say, and apparatus, too, and furniture, too. Last June I visited Atlanta University, one of your schools, one of the schools of the American Missionary Association, and one of the most efficient schools you have in all that Southern work. They had just completed a new building, Stone Hall, named in honor of Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, of Malden, Mass., by whose benevolence it was erected. It is a building perfectly Spartan in its plainness. But there it stood, and there, too, stood the president at his wit's end as to how and where he should secure money enough to furnish it. The school with which I am connected has its needs also, and I am not too proud to acknowledge it

here. We are now desperately in need of a good library, a choice collection of books wherein the students may rummage for themselves. I know the needs of this department, for I have charge of it. A thousand dollars would give us a fair start; but we haven't it; and yet right here in Brooklyn, and over there in New York there are millions and millions and millions lying idle in iron safes. God doesn't give us money to keep in iron safes. He places it into our hands as into the hands of stewards, and blessed will he be who at the last day can render up the account of a good steward.

But more than buildings, more than apparatus, more than scholarships, the Negro needs to-day to be fairly represented before the people of the North, to be pictured just as he is, not in too bright nor yet in too dark colors—just as he is, and not just as somebody would have him be. For it is to the Christian people of the North that the Negro, for many years yet, must look for help and sympathy and co-operation. It was to them, as instruments in the hands of God, he had to look for his freedom—to the Lundy's and the Lovejoys, to the Garrisons and the Sumners, to the Whittiers and the Greeleys, to the Phillipses and the Beechers, Harriet and Henry—the latter always to the front with an eloquence more than Athenian; the former with a pen mightier than any magician's wand sent into every nook and corner of the earth the thrilling story of Uncle Tom. That book in its day was to freedom what the Pentecost in its day was to Christianity. It made all men—Englishmen and French, Germans and Italians, Danes and Swedes, Russians and Poles, Spaniards and Hungarians, Wallachians and Americans, Portuguese and Arabians, Chinese and Japanese, hear "every man in his own tongue" the horrible woes of the slave. I say, then, that it is very necessary that the Negro be fairly represented to you, in order that you may judge whether the efforts which you made in his behalf during slavery should be continued now in his freedom, until he may, so to speak, be able to stand alone.

This necessity grows out of an over-anxious disposition on the part of certain individuals to give to the country at large, by tongue and by pen, what they think to be the true character, condition and prospects of the Negro, and the statements of some have so conflicted with the statements of

others, that many good people of the North have been at a loss as to what course to pursue. Consequently some who have been regular contributors to the work have of late withheld their funds, or given but sparingly.

Now, I am willing to admit that many persons who have spoken and written of the Negro as they have seen him in the South, have done so from honest convictions and with honest intentions. It often happens, however, that an object looks different when viewed from different points. Some man comes down into the South, and, on the train's stopping at some station, sees a number of noisy and disorderly colored men loafing around. He goes off and writes a terrible article on the demoralization of the Negroes. Another fiery young man rushing through the South, stops for a night at some hotel, and is not properly attended to by some Negro waiter. His fire hasn't been well built, perhaps, or water has not been carried up into his room, or his boots haven't been blacked in the morning. He has been greatly exasperated by a shiftless and negligent fellow. He goes off, gives his experience with a Negro, and with great assumption says, "*Ab uno discere omnes.*" (From one learn the character of all.) By and by another man comes. He may have some of the good blood of the old abolitionists coursing through his veins. He happens to drop into one of the schools, and perhaps hears just one student recite Greek or Latin or Mathematics. He goes back home, and says, "I told you so. Yes, when I was a boy, and father took such a decided stand in favor of those poor colored people, they threatened to hang him, threatened to tar and feather him, I have just been down in Georgia, down in Atlanta. I visited a colored college, and heard a young man recite Greek as fluently as you would English. I don't believe that young man could be surpassed anywhere, in scholarship or gentility or moral culture. "*Ab uno discere omnes.*" Now, no one of these is a true representation of the Negro. These are the extremes. The true representation would be the mean. The Negro is just as good and just as bad as anybody, just as dull and just as bright as anybody, just as industrious and just as indolent as anybody. He is man, and whatever pertains to man pertains to him, physically, mentally, morally.

I wish to say right here, in this connection, that there are

but very few white people in this country who are capable of passing fair judgment upon us as a race; for the large majority of them do not associate with us. The Jews have no extensive communication with the Samaritans. Now, it is a law in optics that the size of the visual angle varies with the distance of a body, and an object looks smaller as we recede from it. On this principle it is easy to account for the strange and absurd opinions many of our white friends entertain concerning us. They stand off at so magnificent a distance from the Negro that they either lose sight of him altogether, or what they do see of him seems insignificant and contemptible.

While, however, I am willing to give credit to some who have spoken and written about us for honesty of conviction and intention. I sincerely believe there are others who never open their lips, except in a spirit of malignity, and who never write a line about us until they have first dipped their pen into the ink-bottle of American prejudice. Let me read to you a short article clipped from the *New York Weekly Witness* of September 6, 1883:

CONDITION OF THE NEGRO RACE.

To the Editor of the Witness:

As you have allowed so much to be said through your columns, I would like to have a few words on the subject of "Negroes." I came to Georgia from Michigan entirely biased, as the *Witness* seems to me to be, in favor of the negro. During my residence in Atlanta I never have had less than five, and as high as twenty-five, of them in my employ, and ought to know something of their character. They are devoid of any principles of virtue, among the men the preachers themselves being leaders in sensuality. The marriage ties have no sacredness either with men or women, but under the slightest pretext they will leave each other, and each take up with some more congenial soul. They are not trustworthy, having no more regard for their word than for so much idle talk. The church members who do the loudest talking will also do the loudest lying, and lead lives of immorality unchecked. What becomes of the young graduates? You will find them as waiters in hotels, servants to gamblers, servants in saloons, waiters in steamboats, and anywhere they can wear good clothes and do no hardwork. A Negro never thinks of keeping up his wife, but she must work to support herself, and sometimes him too. There is no ambition in them to improve themselves; they are willing to huddle together in the most unhealthy part of cities, whole

families—five or six children and father and mother—in one room. This is the kind of a fellow-being the Northern press and you, dear *Witness*, would have us harmonize with in our churches, and our children associate with theirs in our public schools, and destroy this color caste. What the South needs for the Negro is an army of teachers, such as Oberlin could turn out. The colored preachers they have, with the exception of a few in large towns, do the people more harm than good, leading them to a religious frenzy and infatuation, in which there is no principle nor intelligence, nor heart.

You must not take me to be a bilious, soured, disappointed misanthrope. I have done as well as ninety out of one hundred in this life's battle, and am satisfied I have written the truth from observation, and my object is to remove the scales from the eyes of those who would put the black man of the South on an equality with the white man. I think that living among a people gives a better idea of them than driving to their schools and colleges, and being feted by their presidents. Yours truly,

JAMES LENFESTEY.

Tampa, Fla.

I might reply to this wholesale slander in a general way by calling your attention to the fact that these people so hideous, so morally corrupt, as Brother Lenfestey represents them to be, these people who at the close of the war owned nothing, represented nothing—that these people have to-day in the United States a standing army of 16,000 school-teachers, 11,000 males and 5,000 females. The large majority of these teachers are in the South, and have charge of nearly all the public schools for Negro youth. The school-commissioners of the South are supposed to be honorable men, and are bound by law to employ no person as teacher who has not a good moral character. Does Brother Lenfestey tell the truth, or are the school-commissioners at fault? Surely, too, it need not be repeated here that the teachers in all the common schools of the South are graduates and undergraduates from the various institutions established in that section of country by Northern charity. I hold in my hand a little paper, the "*Bulletin*" of Atlanta University, published occasionally for the purpose of giving public information with regard to the work of the school. I find here a short article written by one of the teachers, and headed, "What our colored graduates are doing." Under this head the writer proceeds to say :

"Of the thirty-two graduates from the college course, five are pastors of churches; one is a college professor; one a law student; eighteen are teachers, of whom five are principals of grammar and high schools; one is a law graduate and United States Treasury clerk; three are in other government services, and three are dead, one of whom was a law student, and the other two teachers.

"Of the seventy-one Normal graduates (eight of whom are males), one is a law student, one in government service, fifty are teachers and five have died, all of whom were teachers.

"Of the forty male graduates, thirteen have married. Of the sixty-three female graduates, thirty-two have married.

"The undergraduates who are not in school are nearly all teaching or preaching, and of those who are in school probably nine-tenths spend the long summer vacation in this way, and reach as many as ten thousand pupils annually."

This, of course, is the report of only one of these Christian schools; but in this case, with a clear conscience, and from personal knowledge, I can say, "*Ab uno discé omnes.*" Yet these are the graduates who, according to Brother Lenfestey, "are found as waiters in hotels, servants to gamblers, servants in saloons, waiters on steamboats, and anywhere they can wear good clothes and do no hard work."

Now, I might dismiss this whole article by saying, "*falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus,*" false in one thing, false in everything. But lest, to some, I might seem disposed to evade a fair discussion of a question pertaining to my people's morality, I will speak a little more in detail on these charges made against them. The church to which I belong, the Methodist Episcopal Church, has in the South a membership of 200,000 among the colored people. The same bishops who preside over the white conferences here in the Middle States and New England, preside over the Southern conferences, and yet these men with all their learning, with all their wisdom, with all their experience among the colored people during the last eighteen years, have been unable to see them in the same light in which our good Michigan brother sees them. To the contrary, these honored heads of our church have year after year given the most flattering and encouraging reports of the colored work; and, as a consequence, the old church has kept on giving thousands and hundreds of thousands for its support.

When, about ten months ago, Bishop Warren, presiding over the New York East Conference, spoke against the use of tobacco by the ministry, and stated that he knew a whole conference that abstained, there was great applause, and, according to the newspapers, "it rose to something like a sensation" when the Bishop added "it is a colored conference."

Dr. Rust, for the last sixteen years corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, in his report for the year 1878 bears the following testimony:

"No people contribute more liberally, according to their means, toward the building of churches and school-houses, to the support of their pastors, and the general benevolences. The church property owned by colored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South, consisting of 1,751 plain, comfortable houses of worship, valued at \$1,793,483, and 162 humble parsonages, valued at \$75,105, aggregate \$1,868,588. Our colored members contributed in 1878 for the Missionary Society, \$6,171.12; for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, \$189.04; for Church Extension, \$1,070.89; for Tract, Sunday-school Union, and Freedmen's Aid Society, \$5,047.15; making the grand total, \$1,881,070."

All this is the work and effort of a people of whom Brother Lenfestey says in the *New York Weekly Witness*, "They are devoid of any principles of virtue, among the men, the preachers themselves being leaders in sensuality. A Negro never thinks of keeping up his wife, but she must work to support herself, and sometimes him, too." This last sentence is the only one in the whole article that has for me a ray of hope; for, if it be true that all the work done so far among the colored people have been done by the women, what, in the name of a just God, I ask, may we expect from this people when we shall succeed in arousing the men to a sense of their duty?

Once more again. Brother Lenfestey says: "The colored preachers they have, with the exception of a few in large towns, do the people more harm than good, leading them to a religious frenzy and infatuation, in which there is no principle, nor intelligence, nor heart." To this I will reply by simply quoting the remarks of a Southern man who can see that we are comely as well as black, a man who ought to know what he is talking about, a man who stands out to-day on the broad basis of the gospel and common sense, the

strongest and bravest advocate in behalf of humanity in all that Southern land. It is needless for me to tell you that I mean that cultured and Christian gentleman who first of all Southern men dared to recognize frankly and openly his "brother in black," Dr. Atticus G. Haygood, of Georgia. *Seru in coelum redeat.* This Christian gentleman in his speech at Chautauqua last summer says of the Negro preacher:

"With all his faults and imperfections, many of them cruelly exaggerated by caricaturists and sensational writers, I bear this testimony to the Negro preacher in the South: life would have been much harder there without him. With rare exceptions they have been found on the side of law and order, and in our day of storm and stress they were, as a class, conservators of the peace. There were some shocking exceptions. They have urged their people to send their children to school, and have been useful in a thousand ways. The tens who fall into sin and disgrace are widely advertised; the hundreds who simply do their duty are unknown to the newspaper world."

The same gentleman speaks of the religion of the Negro "in which there is no principle, nor intelligence, nor heart," in the following manner:

"I have seen them in their many religious moods; in their most deathlike trances, and in their wildest outbreaks of excitement. I have preached to them in town and country and on the plantations. I have been their pastor, have led their classes and prayer meetings, conducted their love-feasts, and taught them the catechism. I have married them, baptized their children, and buried their dead. In the reality of religion among them I have the most entire confidence, nor can I ever doubt it while it is a reality to me. In many things their notions may be crude, their conceptions of truth realistic, sometimes to a painful, sometimes to a grotesque degree. They are more emotional than ethical. The average of their morals is not high; they do many things that they ought not; nevertheless their religion is their most striking and important, their strongest and most formative characteristic. They are more remarkable here than anywhere else; their religion has had more to do in shaping their better character in this country than all other influences combined; it will most determine what they are to become in their future development. It is wrong to condemn them harshly when judged by the standard white people hardly dare apply to themselves with their two thousand years the start of them. The just God did not judge half-barbarous Israel, wandering in the twilight about the wilderness of Sinai, as he judges us on whom the Sun of Righteousness has risen, with the full light of gospel day."

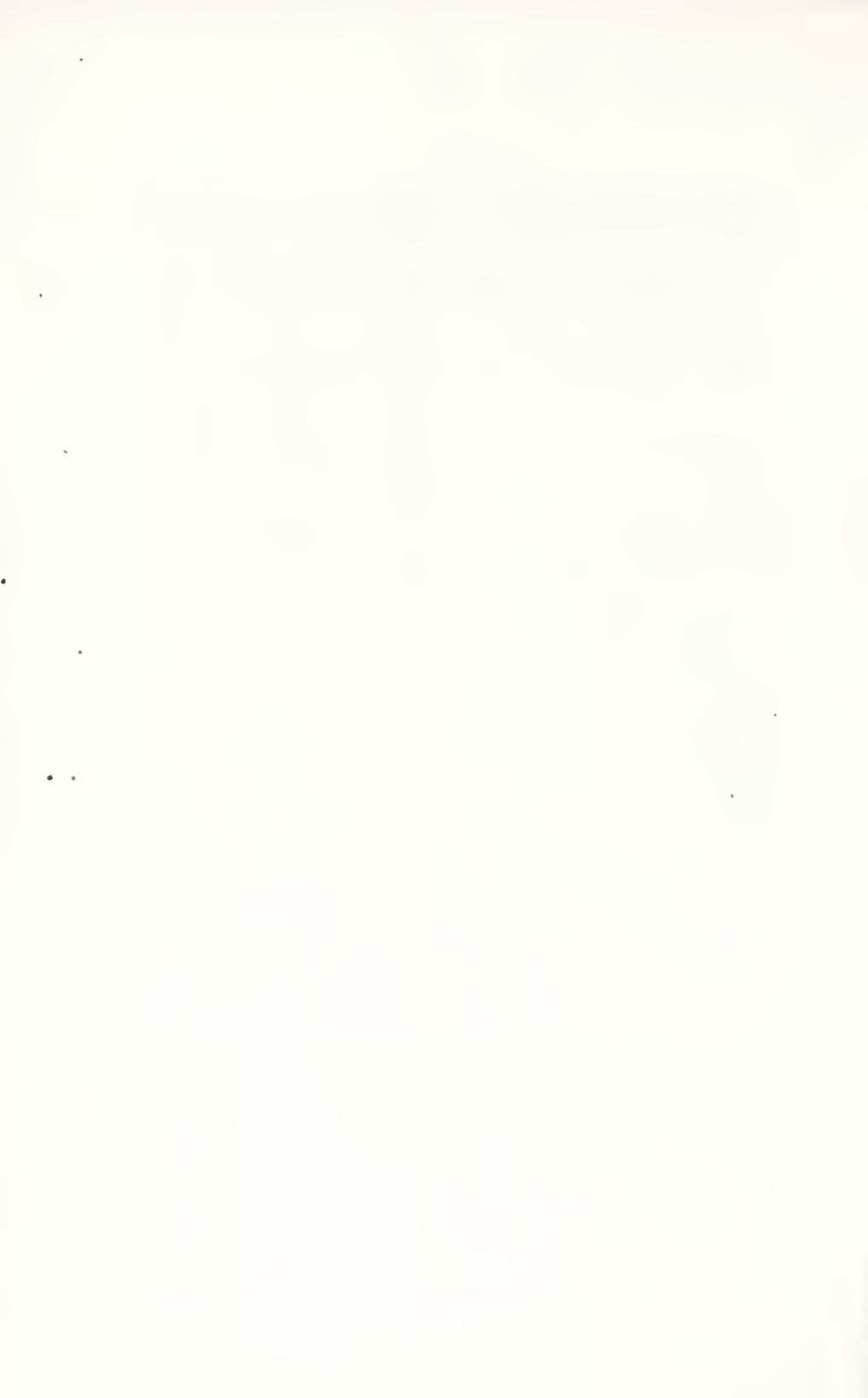
I know, friends, I have wearied your patience; but I felt it a duty I owe to my people, to endeavor with whatever little ability I may possess, to set them right before you; for I have been apprehending during many years that much trouble and great misfortune would some day fall upon the colored people of the South through misrepresentation by which your feelings and sympathy might be alienated from them. Mr. Lenfestey is not the only one who has contributed toward the bringing about of such a state of affairs. If he were I should not have deemed his article worthy of notice in the presence of such an audience; for I would venture to guarantee that, if the truth were known, our Michigan brother is not so much interested in the souls and minds of those whom he employs as he is in their hands. There are a few, however, who have come among us professedly interested in our mental and moral welfare; but who have done us more harm by their presence than they possibly could have done by their absence. They do not belong to that little army to which I alluded in my opening remarks. They were in it, but not of it; just as in the war for the Union there were in the Union army many whose interests and sympathies were elsewhere, and who did more to cripple the Union cause than thrice the same number of enemies outside of the camp could have done. They belong rather to that class of persons who came among us inflated with the idea of race superiority, however contemptible their attainments may have been. They belong to that class of persons, who after coming among us, have been ashamed of us, ashamed to walk or to ride with us on the streets; but have tried to lift us up by standing off at a respectable distance. Unlike the Son of God, they have endeavored to cleanse the leper without coming in contact with the leper, without touching the leper. They belong to that class of persons who came to hold up daily before us a mirror in which we might see our vices, and to hold it up in the spirit of the Pharisee who stood on the corner and prayed his remarkable prayer. They belong to that class of persons who came to tell us that we will lie, that we will steal, that we will commit adultery, that "there isn't more than one out of every hundred of our women who are virtuous." They belong to that class of persons who came to

discourage our boys and girls by drawing disparaging comparisons, by telling them that they can't learn this and they can't learn that like white boys and girls. I know certainly of one instance of this kind, when a student with some resentment referred to Mr. Fred. Douglass as a man who had done a few things as well as white men could do them; but that student was soon floored by being told that Mr. Douglass has white blood in him. *Quod erat demonstrandum!*

You will not be surprised to learn that this class of persons has rarely succeeded in winning either the affection or the confidence of the negro; nor will you be surprised to learn that they have rarely remained long among us, and that after their departure they have had no good word to say for us. The influence of such persons has been harmful in two respects. While with us they have, by their actions, created in the minds of many of our people a spirit of distrust towards the white race in general; for you must know that some of our people, just as some of yours, are inconsiderate enough to judge the many by the few—I say they have created a spirit of distrust, and have caused many of the colored people to look with suspicion on white persons who, as it often happens, come among them in the spirit of the good Samaritan. On the other hand, having left us, they have by misrepresentation alienated from us the sympathies of those who had been formerly our friends. It has been my experience that those persons who have suffered most and labored longest among the freedmen, those who have had the strongest reasons to be discouraged by the conduct of some of us, those who have been pained by acts of ingratitude on the part of some of us—I say that class of persons have always been most inclined to throw over our faults the mantle of charity, and say with the Savior: “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.”

Friends, what we most need is your confidence in us, your sympathy, your charity—that “charity which suffereth long and is kind.” It takes years to educate an individual—twenty long years to educate an Anglo-Saxon. It cannot possibly take less time to educate a Negro. It takes centuries to educate a race. Verily you are a splendid improvement on your forefathers whom Julius Caesar found running about in the forests of Britain, living upon the roots of trees, and

occasionally offering up a human sacrifice under the Druid oak ; but it has taken two thousand years of cultivation to bring you to the point where you can boast of being the consummate flower of civilization, and yet there are those who think the flower might yet be improved. The burden of Negro education has fallen heavily upon you in the past, and as Christians and patriots must for many years yet be to you a matter of great concern ; but when you begin to grow weary remember the patient endurance of the Negro during two centuries and a half of unparalleled bondage ; and remember, too, that God is with you, that you are the lever in His hands in elevating a race of which America shall yet be proud. Humanity is rising the wide world over, in some places by peaceful, in other places by explosive means ; but it is rising, nevertheless, and must rise. God is on the side of humanity—He always was ; He always will be ! Christ lived and died for humanity, and the day shall yet come when the kingdoms of the earth shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ ; " when the nations of the earth, having beaten their swords into the plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, shall turn their energies from the destruction to the improvement of mankind, and shall assemble at their centennials not so much even to display what they have achieved in art and in science as to show what they have done for man, with man, and what kind, what character of men their country produces. In that day, I have faith to believe, America, crowned with strength and beauty, and standing amidst the older nations of the earth like a young and vigorous mother, will point to her black children in common with her white, and say with pride, " *Haec sunt ornamenta mea*"—These are my jewels.



EVENING ADDRESS.

Freedom is the open gate into a life of vast and awful responsibilities. It ushers man into a world of new relations, new duties, new associations. It sets him face to face with his God, with his country, with his fellowman. It is a grand and awful thing to be a free man. Thoughtful men of every age have realized this. The Negro begins to realize it. He realizes it to-day more than he did ten or fifteen years ago. The light of nearly two decades has revealed to him wondrous things. Whereas he was once blind, now he sees—sees his condition, sees his possibilities, sees what is before him, and what is required of him. For this reason he comes before you this evening, comes before the American people to ask help and co-operation—help to prepare himself, that he may bear well the responsibilities which have been thrust upon him in his weakness; help now in his struggles to become a man, a Christian, a citizen, in the best and broadest sense of the term. He feels that he has a right to come boldly forward and ask for this help—for this co-operation. He feels that he has claims on you many and strong—claims, first, on the ground of a common brotherhood. The Negro is your brother, the child of a common parent. It matters not though you say to me, “Sir, you are mistaken: I belong to the powerful Aryan race, the race that has waged many wars, shed much blood, founded empires and kingdoms, controls the wealth of the world, represents the culture and learning of the world.” It matters not though you say to me, “Sir, we differ in features, in the color of our skins and in the texture of our hair.” To all this I shall still reply by saying that

“ Fleecy locks and dark complexion
Cannot forfeit nature’s claim,”

that I am still your “brother in black,” and your brother in need. It may not be pleasant for you to be informed of this

serious fact. It may not be pleasant for you to come here to-night and find a colored relative putting in his claims on the ground of such near kinship. But you cannot ignore me; you cannot discard me; you cannot reject me without throwing away your Bibles, and you dare not do that. That good book teaches you, when you pray, to say: "Our Father, which art in heaven." Not your father, not my father, not the Jews' father, but "Our Father"—yours and mine. We, then, are brethren, and as a weak and needy brother I have claims on you for help, for assistance: for you "that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." That good book teaches you that "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all." That good book teaches you, through the vision of Peter, not to consider "any man common or unclean." That good book teaches you that Jesus Christ tasted death for every man, from which we may infer that every one man's soul is as dear to him as every other man's soul, and that by the common law of love we are bound to help one another. That good book teaches you "to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them, and them which suffer adversity, as being yourself also in the body." A more fitting passage could hardly be applied to you with reference to those seven millions of people now in the bonds of ignorance, and shrouded, in some places, in a darkness worse than Egyptian. That good book informs you of the mission of Philip to the Ethiopian eunuch, than which God now gives a grander and more glorious mission. Philip had the opportunity of sending but one missionary into Africa. You have the opportunity of sending thousands, thousands of Ethiopians who are only waiting to be instructed and baptized, that they may go on their way rejoicing.

You see by this time, doubtless, that we colored people are inclined to base our arguments, when we can, upon the Bible. As a people we are mighty with the Bible, that blessed old book which has come down to us through the ages, crossing over gulfs in which empires have sunk to rise no more. Everything in that old book is with us yea and amen. The learned people of the North, who have more time than we have, may spend it in discussing metaphysics, in querying

about the second resurrection, in writing long articles on the second probation. With us all those questions have been settled long ago. Whether there shall be a second probation or not, we don't propose to take that chance: but make the best possible use of this, and "work out with fear and trembling" our "own salvation." If there is a second probation, we shall be none the worse off for it, and if there isn't a second probation, the philosophers will be all the worse off for it. I say we colored people are mighty with the Bible, that blessed old book, whose truths, though dimly seen and dimly comprehended, sustained our forefathers, and sweetened their bitter cup during the period of a crushing and withering bondage. Indeed, there was a time in this country when the Negro had nothing behind him but God and the Bible. In those days men didn't think there was much power in such help. They relied more on the United States Constitution, and had their delicate sensibilities fearfully shocked when William H. Seward announced the startling fact, that there is a higher law than the Constitution. But while men were fighting and caviling and compromising over that very flexible document, the Negro kept on praying down in the swamps of the South, kept on stealing away to Jesus, until time, the solver of all problems, the revealer of all secrets, proved to this country that God is mightier than man, and the Bible a more reliable piece of writing than the United States Constitution. It was then that the Negro's night of prayer was turned into a morning of song, and with **Miriam** he sang:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free."

I repeat, then, we colored people cling tenaciously to the Bible, and so whatever you may think, or whatever you may say, or however you may feel toward us, we shall still continue to press our claims upon you on the strength of the declaration made on Mars Hill, a declaration which has come rolling down the centuries with ever-increasing momentum, and to-day has more power and more influence over the hearts and consciences of mankind than all the books and all the arguments ever written on the preadamites.

But the Negro feels that he has even stronger claims

on the American people than the common claim of man upon his fellow-man, a stronger claim than the man by the roadside had on the Samaritan. That man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves. He was stripped of his raiment and wounded and left there to die; but in all this the Samaritan had no part. It would seem that greater obligation to repair an injury rests upon him who has inflicted the injury. The American people have, in part, made some reparation to their colored brethren; but only in part, and in small part as yet. They still stand immeasurably below the plane on which Zaccheus stood when he entertained the Savior.

I am so glad to feel that although I stand here this evening the representative of a weak and needy race, yet I do not stand altogether in the relation of a beggar; but in the relation of a man who has been deprived of his "unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil still cries out against this country for compensation. Let us but have the wealth our fathers piled with their toil and their sweat and their blood, from the time they landed at Jamestown until the surrender at Appomattox—let us have their hard earnings, I say, with all the interest and compound interest which accrued during that period, and we should be the wealthiest seven millions of people on the face of the earth, and should be able to pay our own bills, educate our own selves, and have a little to lend a needy neighbor. I speak, sir, of course, of what, under such circumstances, would be possible, I speak not in the spirit of the young man who said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." It might not be best for the two races to "cry quits" in just so abrupt a manner. Deep wounds can only be permanently healed by being slowly, gradually healed, and grievances between man and man can best be obliterated by mutual forbearance, by mutual exchange of kindly offices, by sorrow on one side and forgiveness on the other. It is good, too, for men to have objects, as you now have in those seven millions of needy people in your midst, on which to exercise their charity, their sympathy, their love. These faculties of the soul can be developed and strengthened only by exercise. The strongest

love under heaven is a mother's love, that love which the poet tells us is

"A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love than can grow cold."

But many are the things that contribute to the intensifying of that God-given flame, many are the things that contribute to the drawing out of a mother's affection. The weakness and helplessness and tenderness of her babe elicit her pity, and pity is the mother of love. But does she love it less as it passes from infancy into childhood, and from childhood to boyhood, and boyhood to manhood? Nay, verily; but more. Her love grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength, until that which in infancy was an object of mingled pity and love, becomes in manhood an object of mingled pride and love. The mother loves and feels proud of the man; because she has ministered to his every want, provided for him, cared for him, in sickness and in health, from his infancy up through all the various stages of his development. On the other hand, when the strong man looks back through long years upon the tenderness of that mother, upon the patient, self-sacrificing labors of that mother, upon the ever-glowing and ever-increasing love of that mother, his bosom, too, swells with mingled love and gratitude toward that mother, and so there is established between parent and child an inseparable, an imperishable bond of affection. It would be better, I think, for America, while she has the opportunity, to establish such a relation between herself and her black children, and solve by love the problem which cannot be solved by law. There are some problems which cannot be solved by law. The problem of man's salvation could not be solved at Sinai. It had to be taken to Calvary.

Once in a while there come among us in the South individuals who, ignoring our past condition and training, and expecting more of us than they ought, cast up into our teeth, with pretty bad grace, our lack of gratitude and tell us we do not appreciate what has been done for us. I am willing to admit that there are ungrateful persons among my people. It would be strange if there were not, especially as slavery was not the best school in the world to teach men gratitude.

I am willing to admit that there are among us individuals who do not always appreciate what may be done for them. But I should like to know if the American people, in their dealings with us, have not exhibited a similar disposition. I should like to know if they feel that they have fully discharged their debt of gratitude to us. I should like to know if they have shown a full appreciation of all that we have dared and done and suffered in their behalf. There has not been a single war waged in defense of this government in which the Negro has not periled—yea, given his life for the government. The battle fields of the Revolution and the Rebellion bear witness alike to his courage, his patriotism, his loyalty. The military leaders of this country have borne witness. Washington bore witness. Jackson at New Orleans bore witness. Scores of officers in the war of the Rebellion bore witness. The Negro fought in common with you to found this government. He fought in common with you to perpetuate this government. From the falling of Crispus Attucks in the streets of Boston to the meeting of Grant and Lee on terms of surrender, the Negro has been found on the side of liberty and good government. Hanged in the streets of New York by an infuriated mob, snubbed and mocked and buffeted and spit upon, put like a leper outside the gate of American society, he has never for a moment deserted the Union; but has clung to it with unyielding tenacity and unfaltering devotion.

The world furnishes no parallel to the conduct of the Southern Negro during the Rebellion. With a remarkable degree of that Christ-like spirit, which could call down a benediction upon his enemies, which could touch and heal the ear cut off by the sword of Peter, the Negro during the four years of that terrible struggle, when every man and boy able to bear arms had been forced to the front by stern necessity, remained at home and cared tenderly for the helpless wives and children of the very men who were at the time fighting to fasten more tightly the fetters on his limbs, and to found an empire whose corner stone should be his perpetual enslavement and degradation. Nevertheless, in the heated debates that arose a few years after over the Civil Rights bill, a certain member of Congress referred to this very remarkable and very humane conduct of the black man as

proof of his utter worthlessness, unmanliness, and cowardice. I thank God for that cowardice. I thank God for that unmanliness. I thank God that the Negro was too much of a coward to cut the throats of helpless women and children. I thank God that he was too unmanly to wreak vengeance on the weak and the defenceless. I thank God that he did not repeat for history the bloody scenes of the Haytian insurrection. I prefer to think of him standing David-like over a sleeping Saul. History will yet do him justice.

Was such conduct worthy of grateful returns? Verily, it was. Did it receive grateful returns? Verily, it did. Immediately after the war there sprang into existence over all the South, from Virginia to Texas, those armed bands of night-riders, commonly known as Ku-klux Klans, whose object and duty were the intimidating and murdering of harmless Negroes, their wives, and their little ones. How many of these faithful creatures were thus disposed of during that reign of terror, how many of their bones are now lying on the ground in Southern forests, or on the bottom of Southern rivers, the judgment only will reveal. This we do know, that more shocking scenes, more barbarous scenes, more fiendish scenes never, in all the history of the world, presented themselves for God's sun and moon to gaze upon, or God's midnight darkness to frown upon. Hon. Reverdy Johnson, employed by the people of South Carolina to defend the Ku-klux of that State, in those memorable trials, after listening to the evidence given in, said, "I have listened with unmixed horror to some of the testimony which has been brought before you. The outrages proved are shocking to humanity; they admit of neither excuse nor justification; they violate every obligation which law and nature impose upon men; they show that the parties engaged were brutes, insensible to the obligations of humanity and religion. The day will come, however, if it has not already arrived, when they will deeply lament it. Even if justice shall not overtake them, there is one tribunal from which there is no hope. It is their own judgment—that tribunal which sits in the breast of every living man—that small, still voice that thrills through the heart—the soul of the mind, and as it speaks, gives happiness or torture—the voice of conscience, the voice of God. If it has not already spoken to them in tones which have startled

them to the enormity of their conduct, I trust, in the mercy of Heaven, that that voice will speak before they shall be called above to account for the transactions of this world. That it will so speak as to make them penitent, and that trusting in the dispensations of Heaven, whose justice is dispensed with mercy, when they shall be brought before the bar of their great tribunal, so to speak, that incomprehensible tribunal, there will be found in the fact of their penitence, or in their previous lives, some grounds upon which God may say pardon."

It is to be hoped that these barbarities are now largely in the past, never to be repeated anywhere, in any place upon any part of God's earth. Would that I could say the same of some other things. Would that I could say the same of the snubbings, the insults, the indignities to which colored men and women are subjected to-day all over this land. The South is not alone in lack of gratitude to the Negro for kindly offices. The whole country is lacking in this respect. It cherishes against him the unchristian spirit of caste, and treats him not according to his character, not according to his culture, but according to his color. A certain humorist has said that men are like trees, which are too often judged by the bark. This is deplorably true with regard to the Negro in America. In every ten cases out of twelve he is judged by the bark. There are to-day but very few first-class hotels in Brooklyn, in New York, in Philadelphia, in Cincinnati, in San Francisco—nay, there are but very few second-class hotels in the country that will admit and entertain colored men and women. It matters not though he be the wealthiest, the most learned, the most cultured man of the race. It matters not though he stand at their doors, and say with Shylock, "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?" To all of this American prejudice replies, "Sir, I tell you we don't accommodate colored people here." If he uses the word colored, if he uses the word Negro, if he does not spell and pronounce

the latter with two g's and a little i, if he does not hurl at you that word so distinctively American, and so pregnant with all the hate and contempt that Americans cherish against the Negro, you may consider that you have been politely treated.

This brings to my mind a little experience I had a few years ago in the city of Louisville, Kentucky. I had been to Chicago, had been invited there by the American Missionary Association to speak at its annual gathering. On my way back in company with Prof. Thomas N. Chase, of Atlanta University, one of my old and faithful teachers, I arrived in Louisville early in the morning, and, to my disappointment, found that connection for Atlanta could not be made until some time in the afternoon. I was on the point of starting off in quest of some breakfast, in quest of some restaurant kept by colored persons, having informed Prof. Chase that after satisfying the imperative demands of my carnal nature, I would meet him at some appointed place, or at the train. He insisted on my going along with him to his old hotel, the hotel where he usually stopped when in that city, saying that surely there was a hotel in Louisville where he and I, a white man and a black, a lion and a lamb, could breakfast together. I didn't believe it. I didn't believe that the prophecy of Isaiah could be fulfilled that morning in the city of Louisville. He believed it could. He had more faith in getting his breakfast at the Gault House than I had. Here is one instance certainly, to my knowledge, when the faith of an Anglo-Saxon rose above the faith of a Negro. But he insisted, and led the way, and I followed. Finally we reached the hotel. We entered. We met the proprietor. He was exceedingly glad to see Prof. Chase. He smiled all over his face. He inquired about the Professor's family. Everything was lovely; but the goose, alas! was on the breakfast table where I was destined never to reach it.

In the midst of the proprietor's smiles, Prof. Chase pointed towards me, and asked if we could have breakfast there together. Instantly those smiles were changed to a frown which must have been related to the frown of those demons of which Milton speaks, when he says,

“ And such a frown

Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught come rattling on
Over the Caspian.”

He informed Prof. Chase that so naughty a thing, so preposterous a thing could not take place in his house. Whereupon the Professor began to tell him who I am, and to invest me with all the dignity he could possibly summon up at the moment, he told him I had been to Chicago, had been to the meeting of the American Missionary Association, had spoken there, had been well treated there, and he thought I was good enough to sit down and eat breakfast with him or any other man. To all of which our broad-shouldered proprietor replied, "That may be so, sir, but we never allow niggers to eat in our dining-room." Yet this is the land of liberty, the land in reference to which some one in his rashness or his innocence has sung.

"To the west! to the west! to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down by the sea;
Where a man is a man, if he only will toil,
An' the humblest may reap the blessings of the soil."

Monarchical Europe, with all her dynamite and explosives, will recognize men on the ground of manhood; but republican America comes up to this but slowly and reluctantly. Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden, perhaps the most learned living Negro, a man of the very broadest research, the man whose articles as they appear in English and American magazines are seized and devoured with avidity by his friends and his foes, both white and black—the man who at the request of the late Dean Stanley, was unanimously admitted a member of the Atheneum Literary Club in London, one of the most exclusive of its kind in the world; the man who for some time was minister plenipotentiary from Liberia to the Court of St. James; the man who has at his immediate command over a half dozen languages, and speaks Arabic as fluently as you do English—this man, I say, on visiting the South last fall in the interest of his African work was compelled to ride through Georgia on a second class car. Indeed, of all the roads radiating from Atlanta I know but of a single one that now gives first class accommodations to colored people, and that is the Air-Line road. On this road the Negro is not compelled, after paying first class fare, to ride with his wife and family on a car in which every white man who desires may enter and smoke and spit and use vile language. Bishop Payne, of the African Methodist Church, a man of

sweet and saintly disposition, a fine scholar, a Christian gentleman, a man who was most highly esteemed at the Ecumenical Council of Methodism that sat in London about three years ago, and who even presided over that dignified body during some of its sittings, was nevertheless put off from a first class car down in Florida shortly after his return to this his native country. Last August four other colored men and myself went by invitation to Ocean Grove to speak at the educational meetings held at that place. I regret to say that even on that holy ground it was almost impossible to secure accommodations for these few colored men, the hotels all being crowded, just as they were a few weeks ago in Louisville when the convention of colored men met there. When finally accommodations were secured for us at a hotel kept by an English lady, she, although willing to do everything to make us happy, was nevertheless constrained by the prejudice of her boarders to give us our meals in a separate room. And so it is. We are killed all the day long. We are crucified continually on this Golgotha of American prejudice; and continually goes up from us the cry, "How long, O, Lord! how long?" To-night I reiterate the cry in your ears, how long, oh Christian people! how long? How long will the Christian Church refrain from lifting up as it ought its almighty voice against such outrages? We have claims upon you for better treatment. How long will you allow us to lie chained on this American Caucasus with the vulture of caste tearing our vitals. The Church has power to unchain us. "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth," saith Christ. Is the Church of America the Church of Christ? If so, I say she has power to unchain us. She had power once to strike off fetters of iron. She has power now to strike off fetters of caste. Has the Church forgotten her power? Has she forgotten all that she achieved in the past with the help of Him who saith, "I am with you alway?"

Has she forgotten how the walls of Jericho fell flat when her priests simply blew rams' horns? Has she forgotten how Goliath fell by the sling of a shepherd boy? Has she forgotten how the might of Senacherib "melted like snow at the glance of the Lord?" Has she forgotten how Daniel closed the Lion's mouth, and the three Hebrew children lived through the fire? Has she forgotten the labors and

triumphs of the apostles? Has she forgotten how prejudiced old Saul was converted, and how, after that, Festus trembled and Agrippa was almost persuaded? Has she forgotten how, with the same power, Luther unchained a world, and Wesley vivified and quickened our religion? Is the church asleep? Does she need to have written on her pulpits what the Roman people wrote on the judgment seat of Marcus Brutus, the *prætor*, "Dormis, Brute!"?

These are questions which, I think, may well be asked at this hour; for it is seldom that we hear of any of God's ministers lifting up their voices against the wrongs and indignities which as a people we are constantly sustaining. Before the war they preached whole sermons against slavery; they hurled all the thunderbolts of heaven against that peculiar institution; nor did they hurl them in vain. To-day however, they are remarkably indulgent to those evils which are affecting us vitally, and are, many of them, wasting their time and their powers in trivial discussions, while humanity is suffering all around them. Nay, indeed, in some instances the church has even given her influence on the side of caste, by sanctioning the establishment of separate church organizations on the "color line." The entire missionary field of the South to-day presents one checkered scene of white churches and black churches. Of all the denominations entering that field at the close of the war, there can hardly be found at present a single one that has not yielded to the unholy prejudices of the day. My own well-beloved church, the church of grand old Wesley, whose heart was large enough to take in the whole earth, the man who said "the world was his parish"—the church of Wesley, I say with regret, has also its separate organizations, its "white work" and its "colored work," with all the caviling and bickering and unbrotherly feelings connected therewith. And I hear just now in the South men of your denomination, black men and white, expressing fears that your church that stood out longest and last, and that men thought would stand out ever solid as Plymouth Rock itself against anything like a surrendering of Christ to caste—that your church, the church of the Puritans, that sturdy and conscientious little band, that preferred freedom in a wilderness among savage Indians to tyranny under the gilded domes of civilization, and landing

on the bleak and sterile shores of New England, even thanked God and rejoiced and sang.

“ Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the surrounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the free.”—

I say I hear men expressing fears that this grand old church toward which liberal minded people of all denominations in the South have, for the last eighteen years, been pointing with Christian pride, and saying, “ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright”—I hear them expressing fears, I say, that this old church, this good old ship of Zion, freighted with the hopes of many, may yet go down, too, into the maelstrom of separate church organization on the “ color-line.” Forbid it, Christian friends! Let God have one faithful witness.

Very often, I know, the plea for these separate churches is made on the ground that you cannot force rude and uncultured Negroes into a church with cultured and refined white people. There is reason in that. It must be remembered, however, that all white people are not refined and cultured; nor are all colored people coarse and boorish. But admitting that ignorant and uncultured Negroes ought not to be forced upon the society of refined white people, yet where the two races are living upon the same ground, and where they are equally ignorant, equally vicious, and equally poor, I cannot, I confess, see the force of the argument that demands for them separate church accommodations. It is not argument. It is not reason. It is the imperious demand of a Christless caste. It is the haughty requirement of a class of people who can not worship God under the same roof with their black brother. There are to-day thousands of people who would rather worship alone in a church without Christ than worship in the church of Christ with their black brethren. While this spirit exists among Christians, while this spirit exists in the church of God, the Negro cannot expect better treatment at the hands of railroad corporations and hotel keepers.

If I were asked what is the most important work before the American people to-day, I should say, unhesitatingly, the removal of all race antipathies, the reconciliation of

classes, and the moulding of these heterogeneous millions in their midst into one loyal, patriotic, liberty-loving people. But this can never be done by slighting some and indulging others, by recognizing some and ignoring others. America, like the Carthaginian queen, must batten to say to the different races now crowding her shores,

“Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.”

On no other ground can this republic have permanent existence. Every thing that tends to alienate any class of its people or any section of its territory is a menace to the principles upon which it is founded. The safety of republican governments lies in union, not in separation. It lies not so much in the sullen independence of individuals, or classes, or races, or sections as it does in their mutual dependence. This government, as we understand it, is one body whereof we all are members—one body “fitly joined together,” with our common head at Washington. The South, then, ought not to be able to say to the North, “I have no need of thee.” Nor the North to the West, “I have no need of thee.” Nor the Caucasian to the African, “I have no need of thee.” Nor the African to the Chinaman, “I have no need of thee;” for this is a “government of the people, by the people, for the people,” and can only be perpetuated by the united intelligence of all the people.

